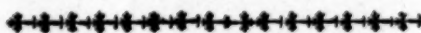


T H E
Banks of the Dee.

A Favourite Scots Song.



'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the Banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet River,
Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, & left me thus mourning
To fight the proud Rebels, for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the rude roaring billows
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the Banks of the Dee:

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'd watch o'er him
He never shou'd leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, its rare beauties displaying,
The innocent lambs on its banks be seen playing,
Whilst I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,
And tasting again of the sweets of the Dee.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.